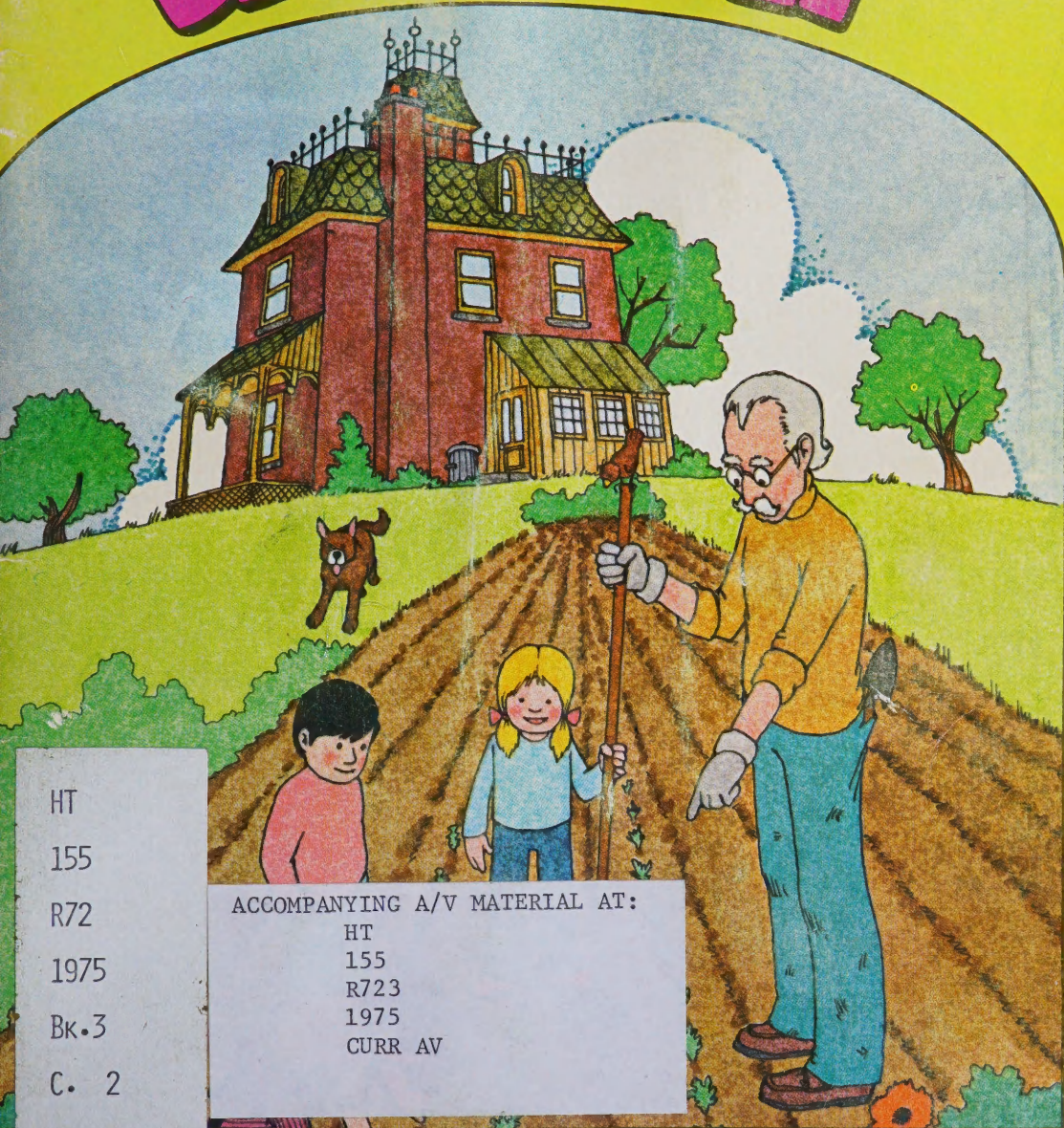




# BEAVER HILL



HT

155

R72

1975

Bk.3

C. 2

CURR

ACCOMPANYING A/V MATERIAL AT:

HT

155

R723

1975

CURR AV

# MOVES WITH MR. TREMORS

Ex LIBRIS  
UNIVERSITATIS  
ALBERTAEASIS





# BEAVER HILL

## Authors

Jo-Ann Roenigk  
Waverly Public School  
Oshawa, Ontario

Jean McGauchie  
Roywood Public School  
Toronto, Ontario

Fern Ohayon  
Denlow Public School  
Toronto, Ontario

## Artists

Roy Condy  
Don Morrison

# TRAVELS WITH MR. TREMORS

**METRIC EDITION**

McGRAW-HILL RYERSON LIMITED  
Toronto Montreal New York London  
Sydney Johannesburg Mexico Panama  
Düsseldorf Kuala Lumpur New Delhi São Paulo

# SOCIAL AND ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES PROGRAM

## The World of Me

Beaver Hill: The Brambles

Beaver Hill: Spookane Estate

Beaver Hill: Travels with Mr. Tremors

Canada Close-Up: Coast to Coast

Canada Close-Up: Je Suis Canadien

Canada Close-Up: People of the Plains

The World of People: The Global Village

The World of People: The Eastern Hemisphere

The World of People: The Western Hemisphere

## GENERAL EDITOR

Benjamin Vass

Coordinator of Geography

Board of Education for the Borough of North York  
Ontario

## CONSULTANTS

**Donna Hopper Nathanson**

Victoria Village Public School  
Toronto, Ontario

**Carole Riddolls**

Formerly Primary Consultant  
Board of Education for  
The Borough of North York, Ontario

**Frances McLeod**

Formerly Primary Consultant  
Ontario County Board of Education  
Oshawa, Ontario

**Hazel Fletcher**

Master, Methods and Social Studies  
Toronto Teachers' College  
Toronto, Ontario

**Diva Frosell Anderson**

Rockford Public School  
Toronto, Ontario

**Liisa North**

Assistant Professor  
Department of Political Science  
York University, Ontario

**Juan Maiguashca**

Associate Professor  
Department of History  
York University, Ontario

## SERIES EDITOR

Susan Kiil

### BEAVER HILL: TRAVELS WITH MR. TREMORS

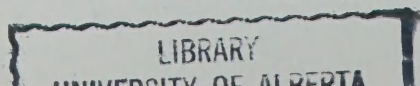
Social and Environmental Studies Program

Copyright © McGraw-Hill Ryerson Limited, 1974. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of McGraw-Hill Ryerson Limited.

ISBN 0-07-077591-5

3 4 5 6 7 8 9 (SM-74) 3 2 1 0 9 8 7

Printed and bound in Canada



# BEAVER HILL

## BEAVER HILL: ITEMS IN THE PROGRAM

Three Student's Booklets:

The Brambles, ISBN 0-07-077589-3

Spookane Estate, ISBN 0-07-077590-7

Travels with Mr. Tremors, ISBN 0-07-077591-5

Audio-visual Kit, ISBN 0-07-077592-3

Teacher's Resource Book, ISBN 0-07-077593-1

## BEAVER HILL: CONTENTS OF STUDENT'S BOOKLETS

### The Brambles

The Brambles

The Beaver Hill Herald

Plans for a Party

### Spookane Estate

An Emergency

Spookane Estate

Dear Diary

### Travels with Mr. Tremors

Travels with Mr. Tremors, *page 4*

A Japanese Festival, *page 20*

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow, *page 44*

## PHOTOGRAPH ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Japan Southeast Asia Students Friendship Association: *page 38.*

Susan Kiil: *page 40 lower right, page 41 upper and centre.*

Doris Pilkey: *pages 25, 37, 40 upper.*

Martin Rudnicki: *page 33.*

Margot Taylor: *page 40 lower left, page 41 lower right.*

2650070

# Travels... With Mr. Tremors



“Boy, there sure isn’t much to do today, is there?” David said as he lay on the living-room rug. “Even the TV is no good!”

“Sure wish something exciting would happen,” Melissa added.

“There must be something to do,” Mother called from the kitchen. Since Lise Pierre had gone back to Switzerland, the house had been very quiet.

“I know!” Melissa shouted as she jumped to her feet. “Let’s go see Mr. Tremors!”

“That’s a great idea!” Paul said.

The children raced to the garage to get their bicycles.

“I wonder what stories he will tell us this time,” Paul shouted.

“I bet they are good ones. I just love his stories!” Melissa replied.

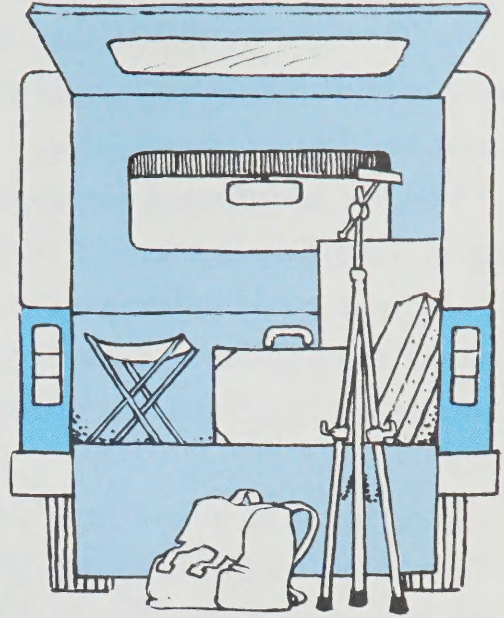
“Come on! Let’s get going!” David yelled.



As the children rode into the driveway, Riley barked a greeting to them. They got off their bicycles to pat him.

"He's home!" Melissa shouted. She pointed to Mr. Tremors' truck.

"Boy, look at all of the things in the back! I wonder what he's doing," David said.



"Let's find out!" Paul added. "Maybe he is going away."

The three children knocked on the big wooden door. The noise made a deep hollow sound.

Suddenly the door opened. "Well, hello there, children. How are you? Come right in!" Mr. Tremors invited the children into the house.

"I'm glad to see you three today. You see, Riley and I are leaving for a trip to Ottawa tomorrow morning."

"Are you ever lucky!" Melissa said.

"Why are you going there?" Paul asked.

"I'll tell you in just a minute. First, who would like some milk and cookies?"

"I would," they all said at once, "thank you."

Mr. Tremors went into the kitchen and came back with the milk and cookies. Then he answered Paul's question.

"You see, children, I like to paint and I like to travel. Painting is sort of a part-time job for me. I guess you could call me a travelling artist. During my holidays I travel to different parts of Canada and sketch some of the beautiful things I see."

"That must be lots of fun!" Melissa said.

"I wouldn't want to travel by myself," Paul said. "It would be too lonely. I like lots of people with me on my holidays."

"My goodness, Paul, Riley is all the company I need. You know what he's like. He loves travelling just as much as I do. Why, he sits right up there in the front of the truck and acts as if he owned the world!" Mr. Tremors answered.

"I wish we had a dog like Riley," David said.

"Well now, sometimes he can be a bit of a problem. He even gets me into trouble now and then."

"Tell us about your adventures, Mr. Tremors," David said.

"Oh, please!" they begged.



“Let me get some pictures to show you.”

Mr. Tremors came back with his album and some paintings he had done. Even Riley was invited to join the group. Everyone was ready to hear the stories.



“One summer, Riley and I drove to Cape Breton Island,” Mr. Tremors began. “It is a place that is quite different from Beaver Hill.”

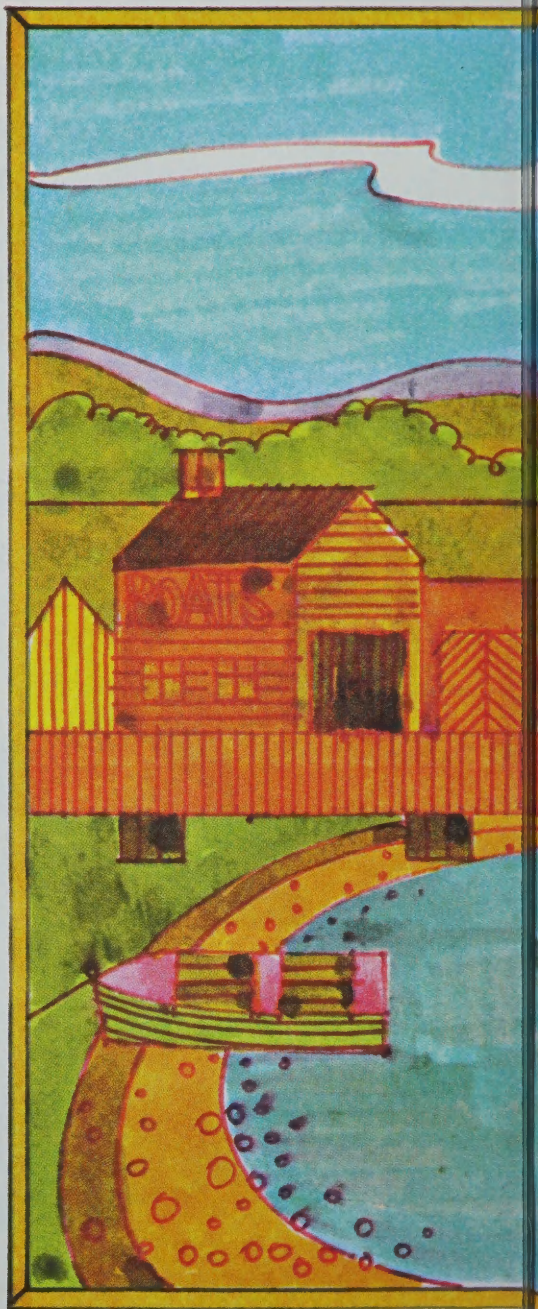
“How is it different?” asked Paul.

“Well, you tell me. Let’s look at a painting I did there. It is a picture of a fishing village on the coast.”

“Oh, it is beautiful!” the children said together.

“Look at the hills!” said Melissa.

“And the boats,” added Paul.







“Did you go fishing while you were there, Mr. Tremors?” asked David.

“No,” laughed Mr. Tremors. “But I know someone who did!” and he looked right at Riley. Riley barked just to show the children that he knew what was being said.

“Tell us about it!” the children shouted.

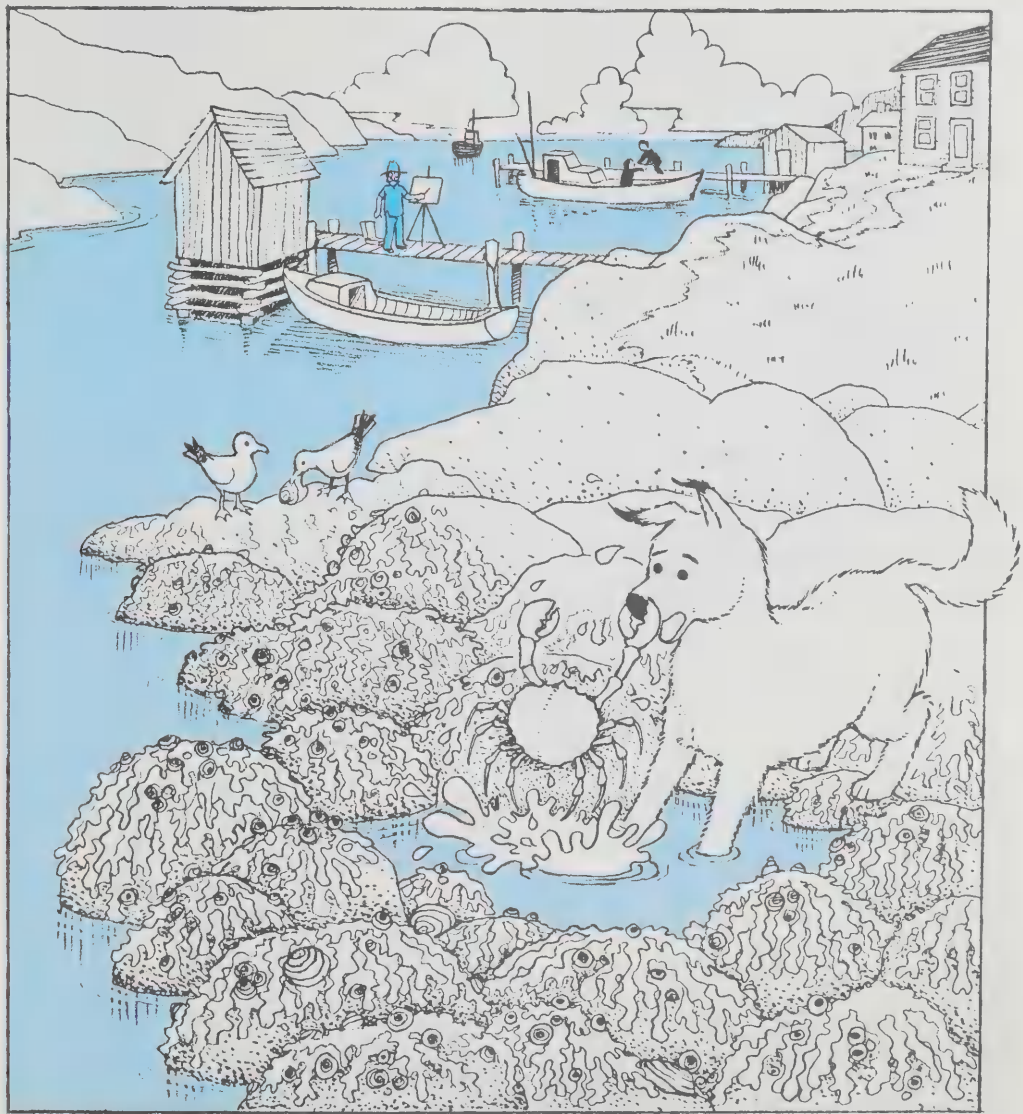
“Well, one sunny day, I was down at the docks sketching the fishing boats. Riley was busy playing among the rocks. He began to run back and forth and bark at something in the water. He tried to catch it with his paws. Then—well, he leaned down until his nose was right in the water. And suddenly...”

Mr. Tremors started to laugh. The children started to laugh with him.

“And suddenly what, Mr. Tremors?” asked David.

“Suddenly a crab grabbed his nose and gave it a great big pinch, that’s what!” said Mr. Tremors. “I heard the loudest yelp I have ever heard! Poor Riley! He was running away from the water just as fast as he could.”

“Oh, no!” the children shouted.



“I guess Riley was a crabby fisherman that day,” said David.

Everyone laughed but Melissa.

“You poor thing!” Melissa said as she hugged Riley even tighter.



“Oh, I think this painting is one of the best,”  
Melissa said as she rushed over to look at it. “I  
love snow. And trees.”



"I like that one too, Melissa. I painted it last winter when I was in Banff," said Mr. Tremors.

"Look at those mountains!" David said. "I guess a lot of people go there to ski."

"They do, David. And even more people go there camping in the summer. It's a busy place."

"Is there an adventure with that painting?" asked Paul.

"No, not this one," replied Mr. Tremors, "but we did have one later in the trip."

"Tell us about it," Melissa begged.

"This is not a funny one," explained Mr. Tremors. "It was a real adventure!" The children looked at each other. They couldn't wait to hear about it.

"Well," Mr. Tremors went on, "we were heading out from Banff when it started to snow. The snow kept coming. It got thicker and thicker. The wind was so strong that I could hardly keep the truck on the road. I was afraid we wouldn't get to the next town before dark."

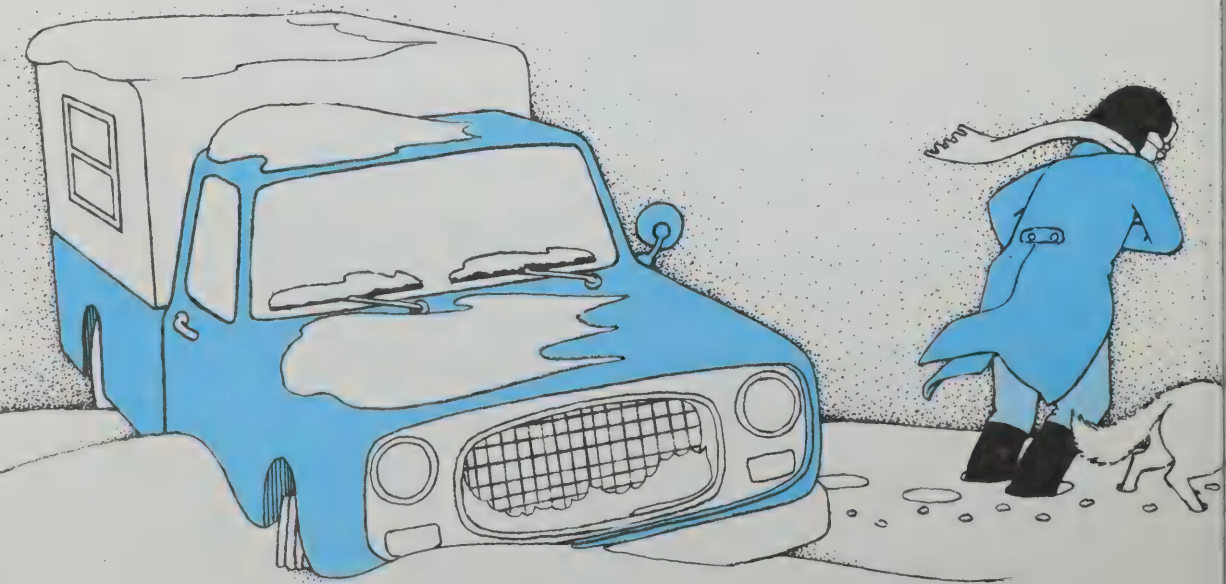
"I'll bet you were scared," whispered David.

"What did you do?" asked Melissa.

“We drove on slowly for an hour. Finally we saw a farmhouse. But it was quite far from the road. So we had to leave the truck on the side of the road and walk. Drifts of snow covered the driveway to the farm. The wind blew against us and almost stopped us from walking. Riley was scared too. He stayed right by my side the whole time. He knew he would get lost if he left me in that blizzard. Finally we made it to the farmhouse. I knocked and waited. The door opened. A man rushed us into the house.”

“I was afraid that maybe there wouldn’t be anyone home,” said Melissa.

“So was I,” replied Mr. Tremors. “We were very lucky.”



“Were the people nice to you?” asked Paul.

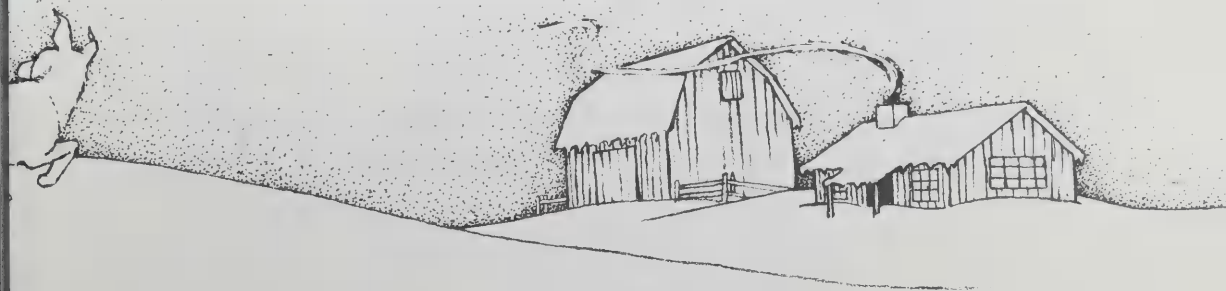
“Were they? Oh, my, were they ever! They fed me and Riley. They had a cot that I slept on. They were so kind.”

“What did you do while you were at the house?” David asked.

“Most of the time we talked about their farm. They also wanted to know about Beaver Hill.”

“Did they have any animals on their farm?” Paul asked.

“Yes, they did. They were cattle ranchers. During the winter they don’t have as much to do as in the summer. So, we had time to chat. Riley was a perfect dog during our stay. He kept his nose where it belonged and he didn’t even chase the farm cat.







“Here is a picture I painted of Riley when we got home. I wanted to show him how proud I was of him.” Mr. Tremors looked down at Riley. The dog gave a quiet bark. Everyone laughed.

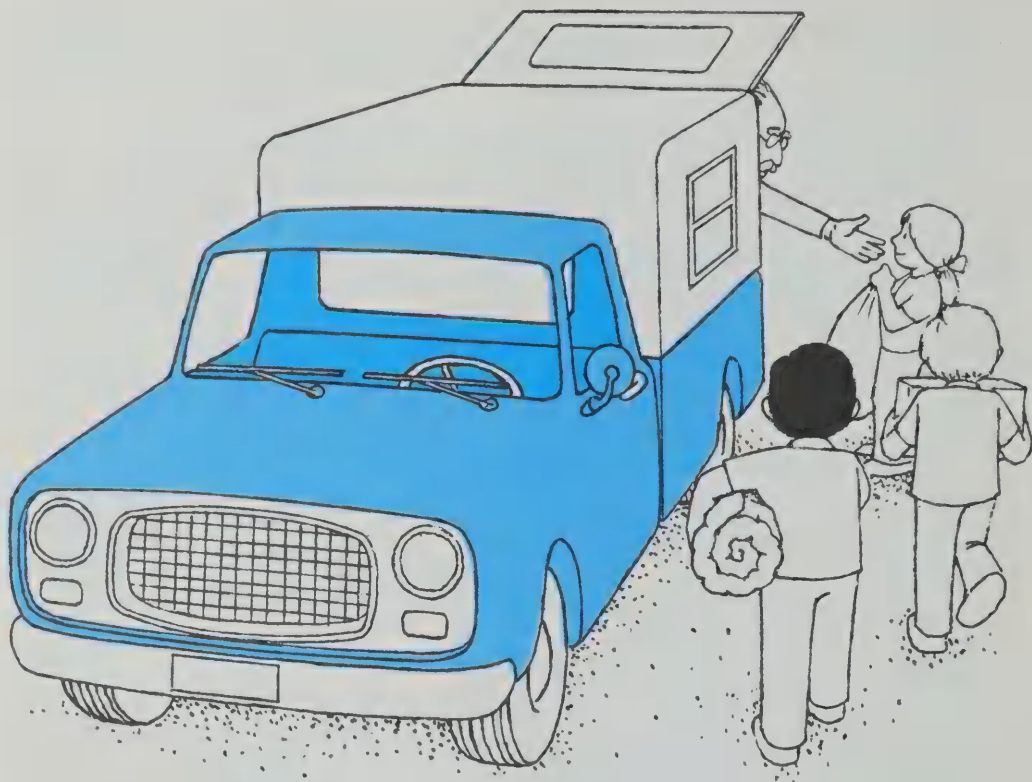
“I have been as far north as Great Slave Lake,” Mr. Tremors went on. He pointed to another painting.



“You are so lucky to be able to travel like that,” David said.

“Yes, I think so,” Mr. Tremors added. “And speaking of travelling, you children had better get home before your mother wonders what has happened to you. It is getting near supper time.”

“Thanks for telling us about your adventures, Mr. Tremors! It was great!” the children said as they got on their bicycles.



The next morning the children got up very early. They quickly dressed and ate their breakfast.

“We’ve got to hurry, Mom!” shouted Paul.

“See you later!” Melissa added.

“Say good-bye to Mr. Tremors for me,” Mother said as she waved to the children.

The three children got to the Spookane Estate just in time. Mr. Tremors was putting the last of his things in the back of the truck. The children rushed to help him.



Finally everything was ready.

“Good-bye Mr. Tremors. Have a great holiday!”

David shouted.

“Send us a postcard!” added Paul.

“And look after Riley for us!” Melissa said.

With that, Riley gave her a big good-bye lick.

“Come on, boy! Up you get! You children be good and look after the Estate for me,” said Mr. Tremors as the truck started down the driveway.

“Good-bye!” the children called.

“Oh, look at Riley!” shouted David. “He’s waving good-bye, too!”

And he was.



# A Japanese Festival

“New people are moving into the Youngs’ house on Main Street,” shouted Paul.

“Let’s go and watch them,” answered Melissa.

“The way I watched you when you moved here,” added Robert.

The three children hopped on their bicycles and rode to the Youngs’ house. They sat on the lawn and watched.

“Look at that kite!” said Robert.

“Wow, it’s beautiful,” said Melissa. “I wonder where she got it.” The girl with the kite heard Melissa and turned.

“Hi!” called Melissa. The girl walked toward them. “We just moved here in October. We live on Chestnut Court. It’s near here. You will like Beaver Hill.”

“Where are you from?” asked Robert.

“What is your name?” Paul added.

The girl, Shirley, told them that her family had driven from Fredericton. Her father had a new job in Beaver Hill.



“Will you be at school tomorrow?” asked Robert. “It’s not far from here. It is just up the street.”

Shirley said that she and her brother, Ray, would be there. Her little sister Amy was too young for school.







On Monday, Shirley and Ray arrived at school. Melissa was excited. Shirley was in her class.

At recess the girls asked Shirley to play with them. They all wanted to ask her questions.

“What kind of kite were you carrying yesterday?” asked Melissa. “It was so beautiful,” she told the other girls.

“I will bring it to show you,” said Shirley. “It is my Japanese kite. My grandparents sent it from Japan.”

Another girl asked, “Where is your kimono, Shirley?”

Shirley laughed. “Is this a special day or a festival? Would you like me to wear one tomorrow?”

“Oh yes,” they all chanted.





How pretty Shirley looked as she walked about the room! She moved like a butterfly. All the children thought they would like to wear a kimono just like Shirley's.

This gave their teacher, Mrs. McCord, an idea. "Would you like to have a Japanese Festival Day to honour Shirley?" she asked. Mrs. McCord told them what they might do for a Japanese Festival Day.

"We could honour Ray too," said Melissa. "He's in my brother's class."

"Oh yes," everyone said.

Mrs. McCord and Mr. Jensen talked about the Japanese Festival Day. They decided to let the children make the plans.

Mrs. McCord asked the children what they would like to learn about Japanese customs.

“I want to cook something with rice,” said Stephen.

“Can I learn to read and write Japanese?” Lucy asked.

“Do we have any stories about Japan? Do they have special music?” asked John. “I will ask the librarian.”

Mrs. McCord made a chart and put it on the bulletin board. The children printed their names under the things they wanted to find out about.





OUR JAPANESE FESTIVAL DAY  
in honour of our new friends  
SHIRLEY AND RAYMOND TANAKA



Print your names under the things you  
would like to learn for our Festival.

JAPANESE FOOD



Leader

Shirley



Rachel Andy Melissa Suzy Stephen N.  
Mary

JAPANESE STORIES, PLAYS, DANCES AND SONGS

Leader

John

Mike Sarah Lembie Stephen S. Larry

JAPANESE WORDS

Leader

Ray

David Lucy Joan Henry Joe Ann

JAPANESE ART AND DECORATIONS

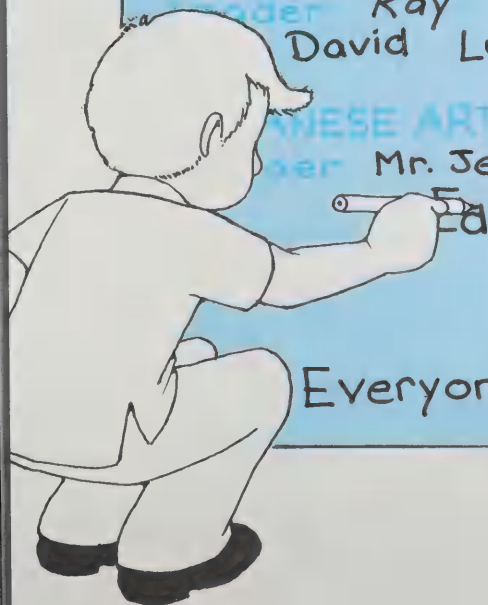
Leader Mr. Jensen Mrs. McCord



Ed



Everyone will make a Kimono



Shirley invited the children who wanted to cook to come to her home for lunch. She and her mother would show them how to cook and serve Japanese food.

Mrs. Tanaka helped the children to make a Japanese meal. They made soup, *sukiyaki*, rice, and green tea. Then they took turns serving the food.







“Why don’t we have fortune cookies on our Festival Day?” asked Melissa.

“We could,” Shirley answered, “but they are not Japanese food. They are Chinese.”

“Oh,” replied Melissa.

“This green tea is good,” exclaimed Stephen.  
“I have only had the other tea before.”

“Why don’t we have a Tea Ceremony on our Festival Day?” asked Shirley.

“That’s a great idea!” they all chimed in.

“Tell us what to do,” said Rachel.

Mrs. Tanaka printed the recipe for them and told them about the Tea Ceremony.

## How To MAKE GREEN TEA

Boil fresh water.

Heat teapot with boiling water.

Add 1 teaspoon tea for each  
cup.

Steep 5 minutes.

Give tea a stir. Serve hot.



The next day, Ray and Shirley invited some children to come to see their Japanese warrior dolls and their fish kites.

They told them that their grandparents, who lived in Tokyo, wanted them to visit Japan. Some day they would go.

Their grandparents sent them postcards. The pictures on them showed many places in Japan. Ray and Shirley took lessons so they could learn to read and write Japanese. Now they can send their grandparents postcards of Canada to show them what their country is like.





The next day Ray taught his group how to speak and write a few words in Japanese.

JAPAN

日本

④ さようなら  
③ こんにちは  
② どうぞ  
① ありがとうございます

- ① Thank you (Arigatougozaimasu)
- ② Please (Douzo)
- ③ Hello (Konnichiwa)
- ④ Good-bye (Sayounara)

- |                  |                  |                   |         |                  |                  |              |                       |        |        |
|------------------|------------------|-------------------|---------|------------------|------------------|--------------|-----------------------|--------|--------|
| ⑩                | ⑨                | ⑧                 | ⑦       | ⑥                | ⑤                | ④            | ③                     | ②      | ①      |
| ジ<br>エ<br>リ<br>イ | エ<br>イ<br>ミ<br>ー | シャ<br>ー<br>リ<br>ー | ジョ<br>ー | ヘ<br>ン<br>リ<br>ー | ル<br>ー<br>シ<br>イ | ジョ<br>ー<br>ン | デ<br>イ<br>ヴ<br>ィ<br>ド | レ<br>イ | ア<br>ン |

①Ann

②Ray

③David

④Joan

⑤Lucy

⑥Henry

⑦Joe

⑧Shirley

⑨Amy

⑩Gerry

# WELCOME TO OUR JAPANESE FESTIVAL

日本祭りへようこそ

There will be Japanese stories, plays,  
dances, songs, art, decorations,  
and food.

We will teach you some Japanese words.

DAY Friday, May 14<sup>th</sup>

TIME 14:00

PLACE Mrs. McCord's Room

## MENU

茶 果 御 す 吸  
物 飯 き 物  
焼 き

Suimono  
Sukiyaki  
Fluffy Rice  
Fresh Fruit  
Green Tea



“Let’s invite other classes to our Festival Day,” suggested Joe.

“And maybe our parents would like to come,” added Lucy.

“We could make Japanese invitations for them,” said Ray.

Ray helped his group make the invitations. They planned to welcome anyone in their community who wanted to come to the Festival Day.

Shirley and Ray were very busy the week before Festival Day. John asked them to teach his group a song and a dance. They asked their mother to teach them the Coal Miners’ Dance.



Shirley and Ray taught the  
children this Japanese  
song.

## SAKURA, SAKURA

(CHERRY BLOSSOMS)

(Old Song of Japan)

SA KU RA, SA KU RA, YA YO I NO SO RA- WA, MI WA TA SU

KA GI- RI, KA SU MI KA KU MO- KA, NI O I ZO I ZU- RU,

I ZA YA, I ZA YA, MI - NI YU - KA — N.

“Cherry blossoms! Cherry blossoms!  
In the sky of March,  
They look misty and cloudy,  
As far as the eye can reach.  
The fragrance is drifting out,  
Come now,  
Let’s go and see!”





Each child made a kimono to wear on Japanese Festival Day.





All the children were getting ready for the big day. They were so busy!



Festival Day finally arrived!

At 14:00 the last child was putting on his kimono. Just as he tied the belt, the door opened. It was the mayor of Beaver Hill. Lucy went to the door to welcome him.

“*Konnichiwa*,” she said. The mayor looked a little puzzled. The children looked at each other and smiled.

“*Konnichiwa* means Hello,” Lucy explained.

“*Konnichiwa*,” he repeated.

“That’s it!” said Ray. “Now you can speak a little Japanese too. We will teach you some more words this afternoon.”

More people began to arrive. They were welcomed too. The children enjoyed introducing their parents to their friends. They took them around the classroom to show them all the decorations.

The tables were set. Everyone was asked to take a place. Mrs. Tanaka helped Shirley’s group to make the *sukiyaki*. It was delicious!

“This is the best Japanese food I’ve ever had!” exclaimed Mr. Tremors.

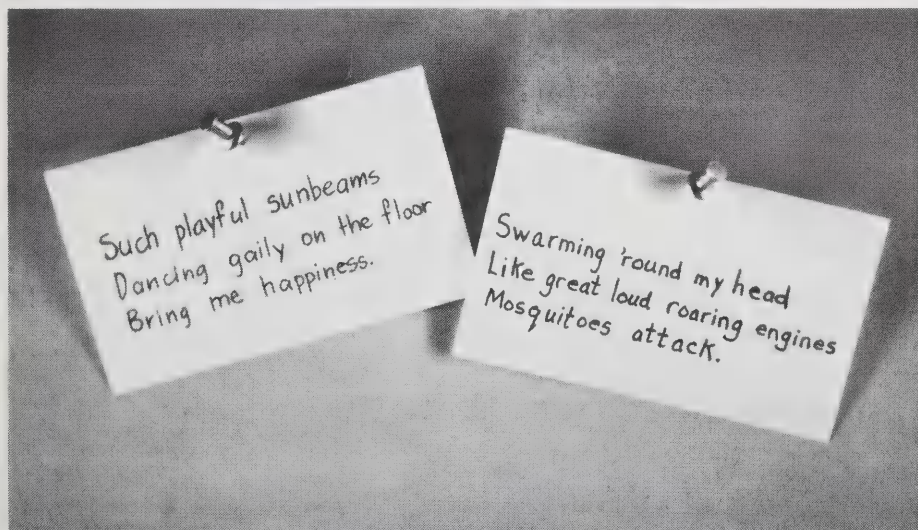
“We know, Mr. Tremors,” laughed Melissa. “You told us you had never had Japanese food before.” Everyone laughed with her.

After the meal, John's group told Japanese stories. They taught the guests "*Sakura, Sakura*" and the Coal Miners' Dance. Ray's group taught them how to say some Japanese words.

Then Mrs. Tanaka stood up. "Let's end the Japanese Festival by writing some *Haiku*," she said. Everyone looked surprised.

"What's that?" asked Manny.

Manny and the others soon learned about *Haiku*. As they left that day, they gave Mrs. Tanaka the verses that they wrote. She put them on the bulletin board for everyone to read.



# YESTERDAY TO-DAY TOMORROW



It was Saturday morning. David and Paul had finished breakfast. They were getting ready to meet their friends at the park. Paul was looking for his baseball glove.

"I'm ready now. Let's go," he called.

David ran to the front door. "Paul, what is an m-u-s-e-u-m?"

"What brought that up?" asked Paul. "Come on. Let's go."

"It says m-u-s-e-u-m on the front page of the Beaver Hill Herald. See." David pointed to the newspaper.



“Well,” Paul started. “A museum is a . . . you know . . . . Let me think. It’s a place where they . . . . Let me see the paper.” Paul read what it said.



**CASSON ANNOUNCES A MUSEUM**

Mayor Casson said yesterday that a museum will be built in Beaver Hill. He did not say where it will be built. He said our community was chosen because of its interesting history. Many people will come from other places to see our museum. It will have things that tell about the history of this part of Canada.

“A museum is a place where they keep old things,” Paul explained.

“Is Mr. Tremors’ place a museum?” asked David. Paul shook his head. “I don’t think so. Come on. Get your bicycle. We will be late for the game.”

David was still thinking about the museum as they rode along Pine Avenue to the park. “I wonder where it will be built? Maybe it will be there.” He pointed to some houses.

“But they would have to take down the houses,” Paul answered.

“Maybe they will put it in the park,” suggested David. “Then they won’t have to take down any buildings.”

“But where would we play? And what would happen to all the trees?”

“And the squirrels,” David added. “I hope they don’t build it here.” They had arrived at the park. Their friends had started the game. They forgot about the museum for today.

The next day, David took the newspaper clipping to school. He told his class what a museum is. He read them the newspaper clipping. Then he asked them, "Where do you think the museum will be built?" The children talked about many places in their community. They talked about the changes that would be made.

"The paper says that the museum will have things that tell about the history of Beaver Hill," said Ray. "Where will they come from?"

"We have something right in our class that we could give to the museum," someone said. The children looked around the room.

"That looks old," said Ray pointing to the recipe book. "Where did it come from?" The children told him about Mr. Tremors and his visit to their class.

"But it belongs to Mr. Tremors then," said Ray.

"Ray is right," replied Mr. Jensen. "Mr. Tremors only lent it to us. But we could ask him if he wants to give it to the museum."

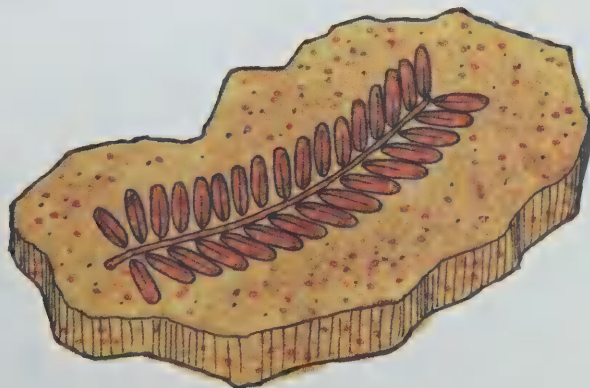




It wasn't long before the people of Beaver Hill were told where their museum would be built. It would be right beside the old mill.

The children watched the old buildings being torn down. Some people were sad. Those buildings had been there since they were children.

Soon men came with machines. They began making the foundation for the museum. When the power shovels were digging, many fossils were found. They would be put in the museum when it was finished.

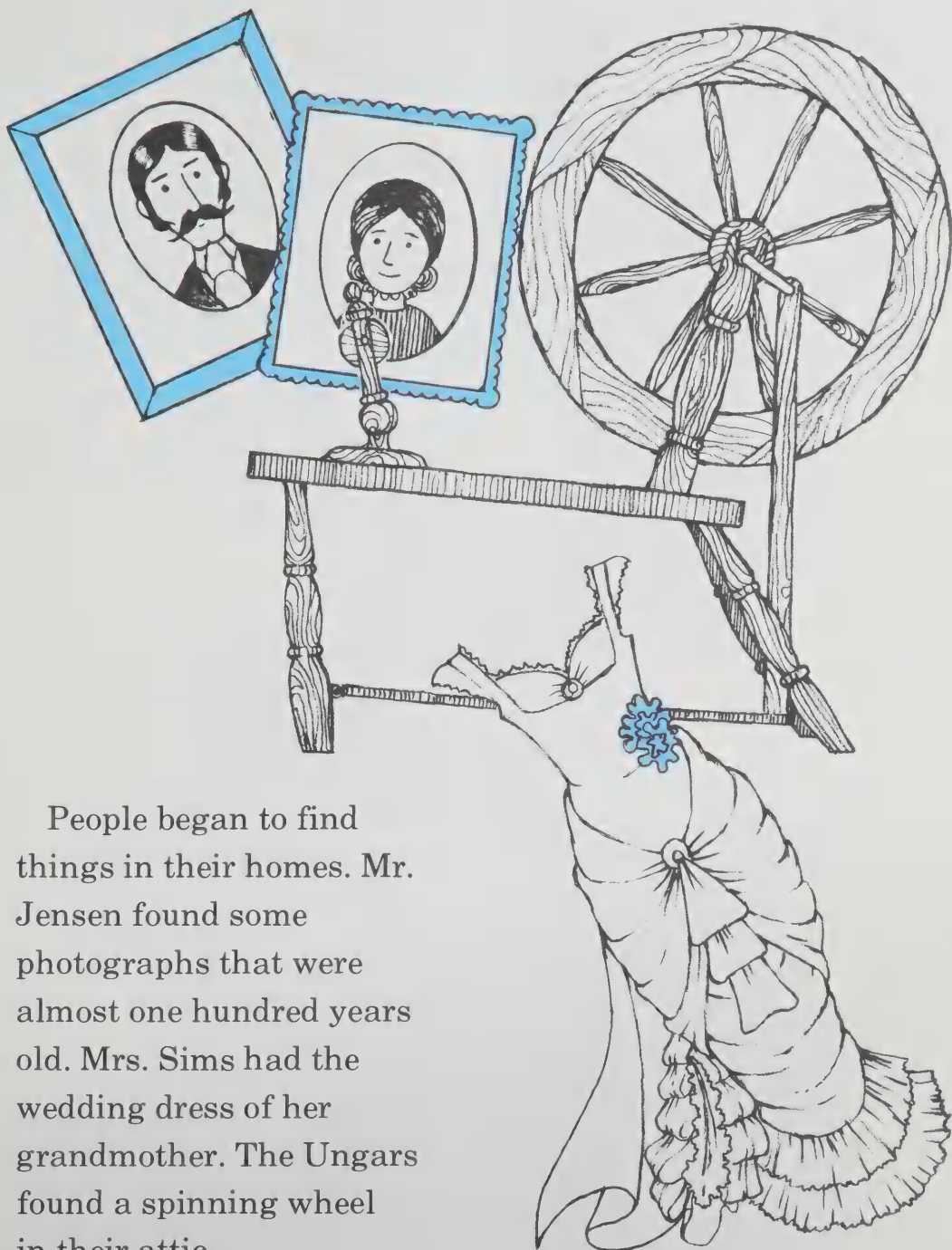


The Beaver Hill Herald had a picture of the woman who would be the director of the museum.



**MS K. IVAN, MUSEUM DIRECTOR**

Ms Ivan told our reporter: I am pleased to be the director of the museum. I will be moving to Beaver Hill at the end of the month. I am looking forward to meeting the people of Beaver Hill. This is your museum. Anything you have that tells about the history of your community will have a place in the museum.



People began to find things in their homes. Mr. Jensen found some photographs that were almost one hundred years old. Mrs. Sims had the wedding dress of her grandmother. The Ungars found a spinning wheel in their attic.

The children thought it was time to ask Mr. Tremors about the recipe book. They rode their bicycles up the long path to the front door. Mr. Tremors was working in his garden. He looked up and said, "What brings you here on this beautiful morning? Look. My poppies are just blooming. Aren't they lovely? And see over here. Soon I'll be eating the first carrots."

"Mr. Tremors," David began shyly.

"Now, David. That's the first time I have ever heard you speak in such a small voice. Do you want something?"

"Come on. Ask him. It was your class," said Paul.

"Your class would like me to visit them again?" asked Mr. Tremors.

"Well, not really," said David slowly. "But we would like it if you would. Remember the recipe book you gave our class? It is almost the end of the year. Can we give it to the museum?"

Mr. Tremors smiled. "Why that's a great idea! I would like it if you gave it to the museum. Come inside and I will show you what I am giving to the museum."



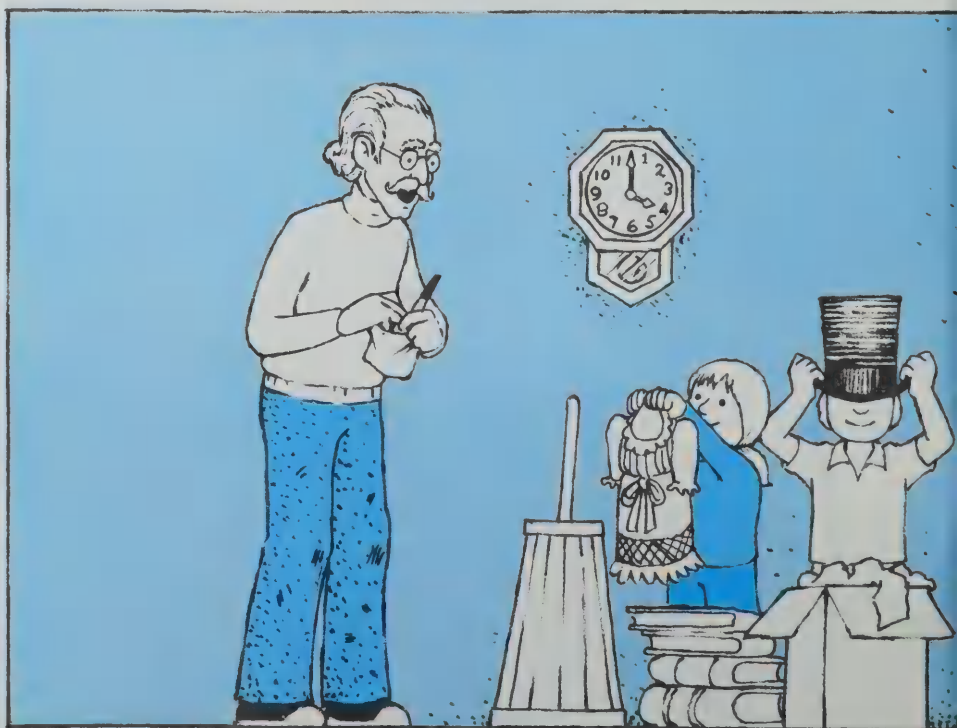


The children could not believe their eyes. The kitchen was filled with books and dishes and other old things. They saw many of the things Mr. Tremors had shown them the first day they were there.

“Look at that old baby dress,” laughed Melissa.

“That was the first thing I ever wore,” explained Mr. Tremors.

“That must be old,” said David. Mr. Tremors laughed.



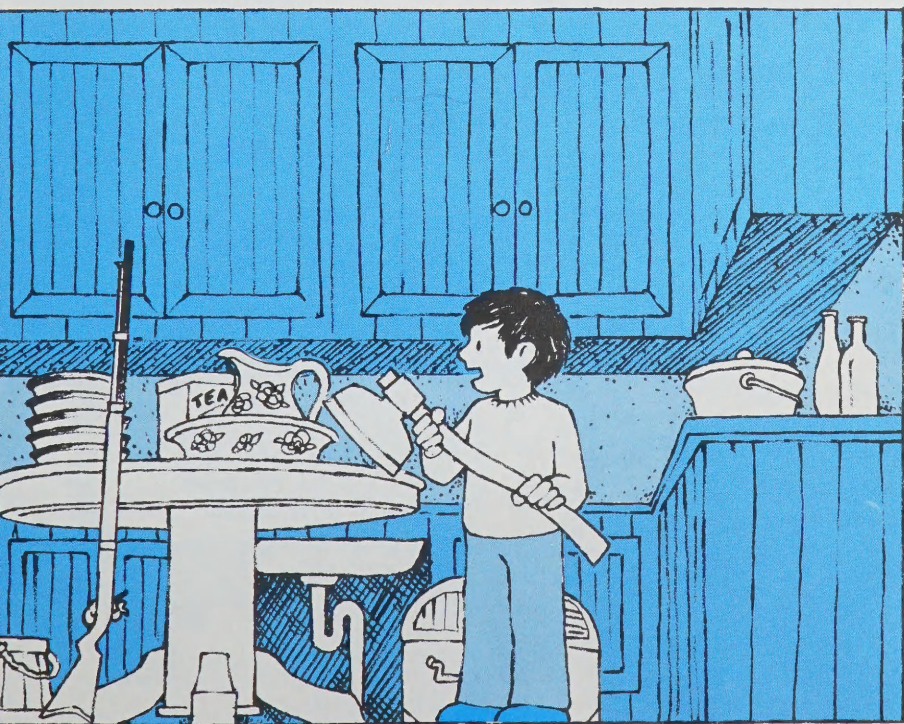


“Why don’t you give one of your grandfather’s sketches?” Melissa asked.

“Or one of your own paintings,” added Paul.

“I don’t think any of mine are old enough. Maybe in a few years the museum will want them,” replied Mr. Tremors. “Come and help me put things in these boxes. I would like to take some to the museum today.”

The children worked hard to fill the boxes. Then they put them outside the door. Mr. Tremors backed his truck up. They all helped to put the boxes in the back of the truck.



Riley wanted to help too. He ran back and forth as the children carried the boxes to the truck. But he was not happy when he was put in the back of the truck. He wanted to sit in the front with Mr. Tremors.

"Riley, we need you to look after all the boxes," Mr. Tremors called to him.

Mr. Tremors drove the truck down the path and out onto Hazelwood Boulevard. He talked about all the changes he had seen in Beaver Hill since he was a boy. Then he said, "Think of what it will be like when you are my age."

"Wow. It will be so different," said David.

"Maybe we will be riding in space ships."

"With our great-great-grandchildren," added Paul.

Mr. Tremors laughed. "You really do think I am very old, don't you?"





HT 155 R72 1975 BK-3 C-2  
ROENIGK JO-ANN 1941-  
BEAVER HILL

39221353 CURR



\*000002853513\*

| DATE DUE SLIP            |             |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| DUE<br>EDUC              | SEP 28 '87  |
| DUE<br>EDUC              | NOV 09 '91  |
| SEP 23                   | RETURN      |
| DUE<br>EDUC              | OCT 15 '87  |
| NOV 20 1991              | RETURN      |
| OCT 14                   | RETURN      |
| DUE<br>EDUC              | OCT 21 '87  |
| <i>Q'd to Oct 21 '87</i> |             |
| DUE<br>EDUC              | OCT 11 '88  |
| DUE<br>EDUC              | OCT 13 '88  |
| OCT 18                   | RETURN      |
| DUE<br>EDUC              | NOV 10 1988 |

HT 155 R72 1975 Bk.3 C. 2  
Roeningk, Jo-Ann.  
Beaver Hill

0123582A CURR

**S** social and  
**e** environmental  
**S** studies

**A47830**

McGraw-Hill  
Ryerson



**ISBN 0-07-077591-5**